

GLOVER MAY APPEAL TO SUPREME COURT

Action for Writ of Habeas Corpus Must Be Prompt to Avert House's Reprimand.

That the Glover-Sims controversy, growing out of the attack of Charles C. Glover upon Congressman Thetus V. Sims, may reach the Supreme Court eventually, is the belief of more than one member of the House today, following the report of the special investigating committee, finding the banker guilty of contempt of the House.

Mr. Glover is to be arrested and arraigned at the bar of the House if the committee's recommendations are followed. The unanimous report of the body presages the adoption of its report by the House, and upon such action the Speaker is to order the arrest of the wealthy banker.

The banker, however, has recourse to the courts in the event he does not deem it expedient to take his "medicine." The present intention of the committee is to recommend that the punishment of the banker shall stop at a reprimand, but if Mr. Glover further challenges the jurisdiction of the House, the temper of that body may result in an attempt to inflict more severe punishment.

Must Be Prompt.
If Mr. Glover should decide to appeal for a writ of habeas corpus to the District Supreme Court, or to the United States Supreme Court, he will have to obtain quick action following his arrest, or his arraignment will follow. The resolution of the investigating committee provides that he shall be arrested by the Sergeant-at-Arms of the House and brought before the bar of the lower branch of Congress, where he will be given an opportunity to enter a defense or be represented by counsel.

As soon as the House adopts the resolution of its investigating committee, the warrant will be issued forthwith for the president of the Riggs National Bank. If he would avoid arraignment, a writ of habeas corpus set on served upon the House officer would result in the time of his arrival at the Capitol. Under ordinary circumstances, this will mean that a writ must be obtained within less than an hour.

May Not Fight.
It is possible, of course, that Mr. Glover will appear before the bar without making a preliminary fight for a writ of habeas corpus and that he will elect to submit his case to the House proper before the trial begins.

The report of the committee, which was filed yesterday and fully reported in The Times, finds that Mr. Glover has been guilty of a contempt of the House in striking Mr. Sims for words spoken in debate. That the House has full authority to punish for such contempt and that the Sergeant-at-Arms should be directed to arrest and present the banker before the House for such action as it may determine to take in defense of the prerogative of its members.

800-Pound Shell Just Misses Yacht Dolphin

"It was like standing within twelve feet of a thunderbolt," says Congressman Bathrick, of Ohio, relating his sensations when an 800-pound shell from the monitor USS Albatross, fired by mistake, sent the Government yacht Dolphin to Davy Jones' locker Friday, at target practice on the lower Potomac.

Neither Mr. Bathrick nor other members of the party, including Congressman Witherspoon, of Mississippi, and Gregg of Texas, are inclined to blame the gunners of the Tallahassee for their mistake in confusing the Dolphin with the target for firing, which was the old ram Katakhdin. The tug Hercules was between the Dolphin and the Tallahassee, and it is believed the white steam from her funnels was mistaken by the gunners for the smoke on the target. They were within 1,500 yards of each other and the day was hazy.

Vermont Senator Gives "Sugar" to Writers

Senator Page of Vermont has made his annual distribution of maple sugar to the members of the press gallery of the Senate. Each of the correspondents received a two-pound box of the maple sugar, the compliments of the Senator. The product comes from Vermont and is of the old-fashioned New England variety. Senator Page makes this distribution annually and also sends a quantity to each of his colleagues in the Senate.

NO MORE WRINKLED FACES

The most wonderful discovery of modern beauty culture.
Dr. Dileo's Facial REJUVENATOR makes old faces young, removes wrinkles, reduces large pores, corrects flabby skin, makes thin face plump and completely rejuvenates the complexion. Gives results in 20 minutes where creams, lotions, massage and other beauty treatments have failed. Free from acid or poison; guaranteed harmless to the most delicate skin. Price 50c. \$1.00 and \$2.00. For sale at all drug and department stores. Write for sample.
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OTTO COKE
Ask your grocer for Otto Coke and take no other kind. Retail at 10 cents a bag. Will last as long as two bags of the other coke.

THE GHOST GIRL

THE TIMES DAILY SERIAL STORY

By HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER
Author of The Whispering Man

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Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

Just read this synopsis and pick up the thread of the most remarkable mystery story ever written.
Arthur Jeffrey, a fashionable portrait painter, lived in Paris. His is a very sensitive nature—he possesses a highly developed intuition, sort of sixth sense, allied to the sense of smell, and yet not quite there throughout a period of two years Jeffrey has been the victim of a peculiar hant. Several times when he entered his apartment, he had the disquieting feeling that some one had just left the room, had left behind the odor of burnt wax. And then one day—the first tangible evidence of his mysterious "hant"—he found a delicately perfumed bit of lace and linen, a woman's handkerchief, a week later when he returned he found a partly finished portrait on the easel in his studio—a portrait of an extremely beautiful girl, evidently painted by herself from her reflection in a mirror. He kept it for 36 hours and then fell into a doze. When he awoke the portrait disappeared. Has it been a dream? No, for the color on his palette was not the one he had placed there himself.
Again, one spring night just before he went to bed, he saw a shadowy figure of a woman leaning over the parapet of a balcony. He had a fleeting glimpse, yet he never forgot it.

Now enter Dr. Crow, a distant relative of Jeffrey's, but more important still, friend of his childhood. Dr. Crow is a small, portly man, with a friendly smile and a very eccentric Miss Meredith. Dr. Crow brings Jeffrey a commission to paint a portrait of a woman, a niece of the wealthy woman—a French capital, the niece of the artist's father. Now the niece of the artist's father is a young girl, a beautiful girl in her early twenties, magnificently dressed, and she has no trace of the causes that might have led her to her death. She is one fact. Here is another: Jeffrey returns to his studio to find his new portrait of the woman, a French capital, the niece of the artist's father. She is one fact. Here is another: Jeffrey returns to his studio to find his new portrait of the woman, a French capital, the niece of the artist's father.

CHAPTER XXI—(Continued.)
HE TURNED to Claire, "I know that, unless it was a ghost, I saw, the report of your death was wrong. I thought from Crow's having the earring that you had come to America, and that he was in communication with you. And when he told me that you had been painted on a photograph was a picture of the girl who had been found murdered, and that Dr. Crow was the murderer."

"I believed absolutely that you and Irene Fournier were the same person. I didn't discover my mistake until this morning."

"No," said I, "perhaps you'll tell me how you discovered that from looking at the negative that Barton brought from the Hill house that night was no more a ghost than the one I had seen on the bridge in Paris. And I knew that Miss Claire Meredith was alone at that house with Crow she was in mortal danger. That's a long explanation, but I can't give it the reason why we came in such a hurry, and why we were so nearly too late."

"I turned to Miss Meredith, too. 'It wasn't very polite of me to insist on having my curiosity satisfied right in the middle of your story. But I'd seen Jeffrey turn away after one look at that plate and say that some one at Beech Hill was in danger, and that there was life or death in our getting there quickly, and I've been puzzling over it ever since. I wish, though, if

you aren't too tired, that you'd go on and tell me what happened over there.

But the way she was looking at Jeffrey was an indication that I might have spared my apology. Lips a little parted, eyes that were staring in their deep brightness. Well, what girl wouldn't look like that at a man who was telling such a story? It wasn't until I asked her to go on with her own that she looked away. "It's nothing very exciting," she began. "I don't believe I ever had any real adventure until last night. I went to Nice, as I said, and painted my rings, and then I sat down on the promenade and began to think what I should do. A nice-looking woman was sitting at the other end of my bench, and I spoke to her—in French, of course."

"She said in English that she didn't understand, and I began quite naturally talking to her in English. I told her I wanted to get a position as companion or governess or something, but that I hadn't any references. That got me started telling her the whole story. It was so incredible that it seemed as if I must be trying to impose on her. But luckily her husband was a doctor, and he came along just then and questioned her. She finally decided that I would do as a companion for their daughter."

"Of course, none of us knew then that there was anything queer about me, except the fact that I couldn't remember names. And by the time we discovered it—well, they had grown fond of me and sorry for me and wouldn't hear of my living anywhere except with them."

"Can you tell us what it was that was queer about you?" Jeffrey asked. "Why, I used to have lapses of consciousness and wander off and do Heaven knows what outlandish things. Dr. Williamson concluded that it was my former self that was doing them. Her voice choked a little at that. The girl—before the smallpox, you know. But as I couldn't remember any of the things she had done when I came to it didn't help much toward finding out who she was. The only thing to do was to follow me around and see what I did, and take care that I didn't get into any serious trouble. They did that, those people, with a devotion."

"Oh, I can't talk about it," she said, and then went on. "My lapses kept getting worse and longer, and all of us got very much discouraged except the doctor himself. He insisted that the worst she had done when I was to be a normal person again. He said the longer and the stronger they were the more likely it was that the memory would begin coming through. And by and by that really began to happen. There was a lot of argument in the family as to whether I was English or American. Mrs. Williamson and Evelyn insisted I was English, but the doctor thought I was American. I was perfectly sane, and I knew it, but the doctor began remembering intimately couldn't be anywhere but in America."

"Why did you live in the particular part of Paris?" Jeffrey asked. "It was just a part of their kindness to me. I wanted to, and they noticed that when I wandered off in my self, you know—I always went there, so they took an apartment in that court."

"As a matter of fact," Jeffrey asked, "didn't you and your aunt live there before you had the smallpox?"

"The girl looked at him in simple astonishment. 'Why, of course! Rue Boissandré,' she said. 'I never put those two facts together until this instant, though I knew them both independently for quite a while. But the Williamson didn't have the same apartment that my aunt and I had lived in.'"

"Jeffrey laughed. 'No,' he said. 'I had that one.'"

"She colored vividly. 'Did I—haunt you?' she asked."

"That's exactly what you did, said Jeffrey. 'I never saw you there, but you left some pretty puzzling traces. Drey car tell you the story some time. He's a great yarn-spinner. But please go on. Tell us the rest.'"

"There isn't much more to tell," she said, "about what happened over there. My memory kept coming back, stronger and stronger all the time, until at last I told them the Williamson. I mean that I was perfectly competent to look after myself now, and that I meant to go to America and find out who I was. One of my discoveries about myself had been that I could paint a little, and I sold everything I painted at pretty good prices. So I wasn't financially dependent on the Williamson, although, of course, I owed them a debt that money couldn't repay at all."

"They hated to have me go, especially Mrs. Williamson and Evelyn, and begged me to let the Meredith girl lie quiet in her grave down in the south of France. But I couldn't. Fond as I am of them, I couldn't. I was a call of the blood, it seemed, that drew me."

"You'd remember your name by that time," said Jeffrey. "But that wasn't the name you went by."

"No," she said. "I stuck to the hospital name for a while—Celeste Broux—until that got to seeming ridiculous. And then, as the Williamson wanted me to, I took their last name. They never told me I'd have to give up my first name. I had my own—'Claire.' It was engraved on the inside of one of my rings."

"Then," pursued Jeffrey, "it was as Miss Claire Williamson that you came to this country?"

"She nodded. "You came alone?" he asked. "Of course. There wasn't any earthly reason why I should—well, they had grown fond of me and sorry for me and wouldn't hear of my living anywhere except with them."

"What did you do with your luggage?" Jeffrey asked rather suddenly.

"She looked at him in frank amazement. "You ask the oddest questions," she said. "But I did do something odd with it. I didn't bring it through the customs. You see, we landed just at 5 o'clock. I hadn't sent any word to my aunt that I was coming."

"What did you do with my hand-writing would be the same, or that she would remember it, and I felt that her first thought on getting a letter from me would be that I was in impostor. I thought that if I could just walk in and speak to her that would be much simpler. I had set my heart, somehow, on doing it that night."

"In Jeffrey's mind, I am sure, as well as in mine, was the thought of that pink photograph and a momentary speculation as to what would have happened if the girl had carried out her plan and walked in upon her aunt as she had intended."

"So, as soon as we got ashore," she went on, "I walked straight through the customs, carrying with me nothing but my purse, jumped into a taxi and went straight to my aunt's town house."

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